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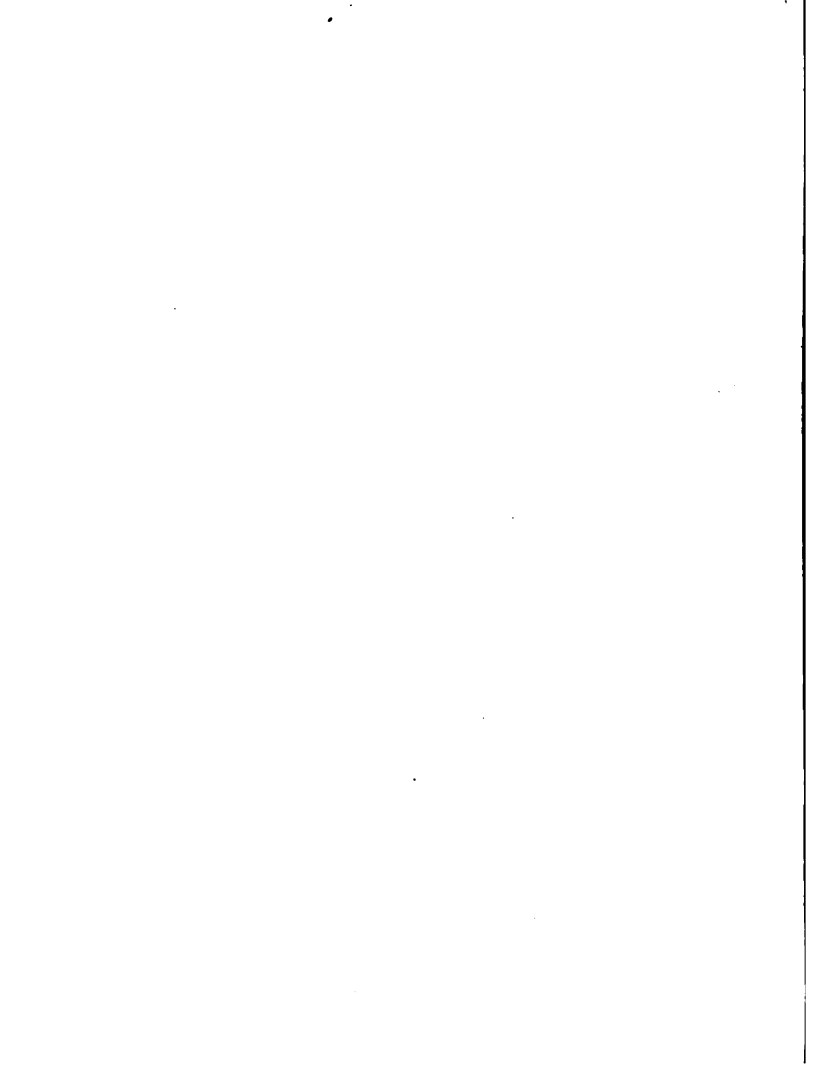
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HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER  
HOLIDAYS IN 1876.

(Enst)

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HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER  
HOLIDAYS IN 1876.

By AN ETON BOY, *friend of*  
*Robert Needham Rust*

ETON COLLEGE : R. INGALTON DRAKE.

1887.

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# How I Spent my Summer Holidays

IN 1876:

BY AN ETON BOY.

THERE have been published several books about life at Eton in various phases such as "A Day of My Life" and "About some Fellows"; not to mention a host of papers on the same sort of subject. These I know have been very successful, and well repaid the care spent upon them by their authors. I am afraid, that my present book will not have such a complete success throughout the whole 900 and odd boys, but I trust, that at least *some* may be interested by it, and that it may call forth other books detailing and depicting the delights of other ways of spending the Summer holidays. I know that, though *I* never could see the fun of it, some fellows think it great fun to stump across moor and bog on the chance of hitting a bird, or to stand for hours in a stream on the chance of hooking a fish, or many other sorts of amusement. But *chacun à son gout*, say I; I

prefer certainly the way of spending the Summer holidays, which I will now detail.

It was one summer ago, that I first had the offer of going abroad. I had been to Paris at the previous Easter and enjoyed it very much. But now my Father offered to take me on a tour, which promised to be far more enjoyable; namely, to St. Petersburg, whither he was going as a member of the International Oriental Congress, by the way of Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. We started in the middle of August, our party consisting of my Father, another old Etonian and myself. It was extremely hot weather at the time, and the usual passage from Dover to Calais, so well known to most people, who have been abroad, was shorn of its horrors. Here a little time was given for dinner in an extremely dingy and tremendously crowded "buffet." Thence we travelled for sixteen hours to Cologne, through Lille and Brussels, and oh! the heat was awful. We arrived at Cologne half melted, and put up at the Hotel du Nord. Arising early next morning, we hurried round the Cathedral with its sacristy and shrine of the three kings, of whose

bones all that is to be seen are three mouldy skulls with gold crowns on them. We saw also the bones of Ursula's eleven thousand virgins. We then started by train for Hamburg. It was monstrously hot, and the compartment we were in was very full of people and extremely close. One young Frenchman squinted awfully. He was travelling with his mother, and she confidentially told my Father, that her son was going to meet his *fiancée* for the first time. The young girl, rather pretty, came to meet them at the station: we saw them meet: I pitied her.

After a long day's journey we arrived at Hamburg, and got rooms in an hotel, whose windows overlooked a great sort of half-harbour, half-lake. That evening we went in a little steamer across the aforesaid lake to a pleasure-garden to hear a "Monstre Concert" (*sic*). Here we found a large number of people sitting out under the trees at little tables drinking beer, and enjoying the strains of a band.

The lake looked very pretty with all the lights round it, and one or two boats were hung with coloured Chinese lanterns.

Thence home to our hotel and to bed, as Mr. Pepys would say in his famous Diary.

I forgot to say, that I was in the Middle Division of the Fifth Form, and, when my Father proposed to enter my name among the "Savans Orientalistes," and get a ticket, that I might enjoy the advantages, I was taken aback, but he reminded me, that I had been to India while a baby in arms, and was therefore an Orientalist, and that every Eton boy was a savant or "knowing one,"—some a little more, and some a little less. Besides, I found that my friend Anna, daughter of another old Etonian, whom we caught up at Stockholm, had taken out a ticket as a "savante," and she was only a girl, so I consented to be entered as a Savant Orientalist.

Next day we saw Hamburg, ran over to Lubeck, and saw that place. I read Murray's Guide-Book, and never leave any place, till I have verified every object mentioned. This takes time, but I acquired the habit at my Dame's of doing everything thoroughly. By sunset we got to Kiel, and went on board the steamer, which during the night took us to Corsor in the Island of Zealand. Here we

landed and took train to Copenhagen. Here we had a day's hard work visiting galleries, libraries, and museums. The whole place was full of naked marble statues. We lived in a state of ceaseless perspiration day and night. There were some capital open-air pantomimes in one of the public gardens.

Thence we took train to Elsinore, saw Hamlet's Castle, famous for Shakespeare's line :—

“ Who's there ? It is I, my lord, the early village cock ! ”

We saw also Ophelia's grave, and embarking on board a small steamer named “ Horatio ” we crossed the Sound, and landed at Helsingborg in Sweden. We had a fair view of the Kattegat. When we went to take our places in the train, we found that not only were there compartments for smokers, but also for swearers, for one was labelled “ Dam-coupè.” We found that the barmaid was called a “ Flicker,” and the ladies' cloak-room was marked “ Fúr Quinner.” We travelled all night, and reached Stockholm early in the morning. The city was beautiful, and our hotel was a grand one just opposite the palace. Here we joined a great

many other savans, German, English, Danes, and we were exceedingly jolly.

In the Hotel was Christine Neilson, the Swedish singer, and the Emperor of Brazil, travelling under the name of Don Pedro d'Alcantára. We had a famous time at Stockholm, going about the lakes in little steamers, going to the theatre, where we saw "Round the World in one hundred days," and a ridiculous Scotchman in plaids with a long telescope, and notebook, and Murray's Guide, always getting into trouble. The heat was awful. Some of the peasant girls from Dalicardia had such pretty dresses, and one of the most interesting sights was the National Museum, with life-size figures of all the different Scandinavian races. The people here are rather savage and behind the age, for, when I turned out on Sunday in an Eton round jacket, turn-over collar, and tall hat, just as every fellow wears as a matter of course, we had quite a concourse of boys after us, and everybody turned round to look at me: and the guide asked my Father, whether I was got up that dress "pour mon premier communion." We saw a wedding take place in our *Salle a manger*



## *How I Spent my Summer Holidays.*

the men were all in black trousers, and white shirts, and looked such cads: the women in white dresses, and they stood in a row behind a table, upon which was a large book, and a champagne-bottle: one of them put the hand of the bride into the hand of the bridegroom, and said something in Swedish, then they uncorked the champagne, and hobnobbed, and walked out into the streets, and went to places of amusement. We went over to Upsála, over the bridge, in the streets a nice old clergyman, who said he was the Dóm Prost, something like our Protestant Minister, I suppose, and he looked rather like Dr. Goodenough. He was very civil to us, and called us "les suédois anglais," took us into the Cathedral, and the University Library, and shewed us the Codex Argenteus of Ulfilâs, and the Devil's Bible. He seemed inclined to kiss us, when we took leave, but, as he did not offer refreshments, we had to go to a little inn, and went to see the Hill of Asa, where we ascended and drank some mead—strong stuff—out of Rurik's horn: the mead was something worse even than my Dame's beer. Stockholm is very nice, and the Swedes are a very nice people.

Next day we embarked in a steamer to cross the Gulf of Bothnia to Hango in Finland, part of Russia. The steamer was in a canal just under the hotel-windows, so we walked to it, and found the Emperor of Brazil on board. The scenery down the arm of the sea into the Gulf was magnificent. Stockholm beats Venice out and out: I have seen both. When it was dark, we went down into the cabin to supper, and found our seats close to those of the Emperor. He was going to the Congress also: in fact, the whole party on board was doing the same thing. After supper, some one told the Emperor, that there was an Eton boy on board, and His Majesty's Equerry came to my Father to ask leave to take me to be presented: so I went, and there never was such a jolly Emperor; he asked me all about Eton, he quoted Virgil and Homer, and was quite friendly. He did not pouch, however: I should like to have seen the kind of gold coin, that is current in Brazil. He then sent for my Father, and they had a long talk about the Congress, and Sanskrit. His Majesty is an A 1 savant. When we were in our cabin, a fearful storm came on, and we were all

terribly sick: our passage was very long. When my Father got on deck, he found it was raining, and the Emperor was in the round house, and his Majesty remarked, that it was "tres humide." We landed at Hango, had to run the gauntlet of the Russian police and customs: however, the fact of the Congress made this very easy, and no one could mistake savans like us for Nihilists, and Dynamitards. At one hotel the landlord would make us put down in the register not only our names, and residences, but also our professions; we told him that we had none, that we had "rien au faire," and to his horror entered ourselves as, "Nihilistes."

We then took train to Helsingfors: we saw a prohibition to smoke in ten different languages, and at the stations the retiring rooms were labelled in Russian, Finn, Swedish, and German. When we reached the station, we rushed out to secure a drosky; it was the first that we had seen, and the dress of the coachman, and the way in which he held his reins, and the whole turn out, impressed us, but what surprised us most, that every coachman, when hailed, made the same reply, which to

our ears sounded like "Got a lady," which we heard afterwards was Swedish for "engaged." We worked our way to an hotel with difficulty. We had introductions to some Swedish friends, who held high positions in the local Courts of Justice. We went to call, but our reputation went before us, for not only were we introduced generally as "les savans anglais," but Anna and I, who went up last, heard ourselves introduced into a room full of strangers as "les jeunes savans anglais." We were treated most kindly, and with the most profound respect, as due to our juvenile scholarship. We had expected to find the Finns something like the Lapps, half-naked, or in skins, and accompanied by reindeer, but we found the company as polished and refined as Parisians, and the young ladies charming. They took us about the place: there was not much to see, but they shewed us that, and told us that they were Finlanders and Swedes by origin, and not Finns; they were all Russian subjects, but Protestants. They came to see us off at the station, and were most loving. On arriving at Wyburg we found a new feature at our hotel; there was no food to be

had, as they only supplied beds: so we had to perch in one street at the hotel, and peck at a restauration in the next street. We saw with delight the first samovár, or tea-urn, with which we became very familiar in Russia, as tea seems always on tap in every house at all times.

Next morning we were up early, and went on board a canal-steamer, and by a succession of locks, one above the other, we were pumped up many hundred feet to a canal on a higher level. There was an Inscription in the Finnish language to record the names of the engineer, who had accomplished this daring work. We saw everybody drinking tea on the deck: the men drank it in glasses, and the women in cups: it seemed a distinction of the sexes, but both put sugar and slices of lemon in their boiling weak tea, but no milk. At a certain place we landed, and were transferred to a char-a-banc. We had insensibly formed an acquaintance with two young ladies, one a Swede, one a Norwegian, who had just completed a tour in Switzerland travelling together alone, and, as they were going to Imátra, we four formed ourselves into a party. The Swede sat on the

same bench in the char-a-banc with my Father, and the Norwegian sat by my side. As we drove violently down the deep descents, and up the steep ascents, the motion of the vehicle was quite indescribable, and my Norwegian friend began crying out, "Wah ! wah !"

On reaching our destination we visited the wonderful rapids, down which the waters of the great lakes discharge themselves in their course to the Baltic : a light suspension-bridge crossed it, but we declined to venture across, and settled down in the little hotel. Next day we returned to Wyburg by the road in a flat cart, or rather flat wooden box without springs on two wheels : the jolting was worse than yesterday. Every ten miles our boy and pony was changed. On reaching the hotel at Wyburg a telegram was put into our hands, unmistakeably addressed to us with the words in English : "Ask for my nightgown." We were at a loss to understand what this could mean, but the chamber-man (for we had got beyond the region of chamber-maids), produced a roll of linen, which proved to be the nightgown of our friend, who had gone on direct to St. Peters-

burg, which had been left by accident behind. At the station we found ladies with plates collecting money "pour les pauvres slaves et bougáres." They were exceedingly angry, when my Father asked, if they received presents "pour les pauvres Polacques" also. In the train we met some charming young Russian school-girls going home for their holidays: they were delighted to talk to us in English, and told us, how they read Walter Scott and Dickens. We reached St. Petersburg in safety, and found the work of the Congress already commenced.

Of course we did all the sights, drove everywhere in drozkies, saw the Winter Palace, the Museum, the cathedrals and churches. The heat was sweltering, and we drank tea freely. We went to the tombs of the Emperors, and the National Museum, with figures large as life of every description of Russian subjects. I went shopping with Anna, and acquired certain Russian words such as "skolko"—how much? "kotóro chás?" what o'clock is it? "tchai," tea. In fact, we had a very jolly time of it.

But the real work was the Congress. Repre-

sentatives of every country in Europe were there, and I saw a live Turk in a red cap, and every kind of subject was discussed, and a quantity of different languages used. Two old fellows, Stickler and Lágus, had a discussion in Latin: no one understood them, for their pronunciation was not fit for the Fourth Form. They got great applause, but I wondered, what the Head would have said, if he had had their copy under his thumb, and heard the false quantities, which they made: I will be bound to say, that he would have found false concords also. One Englishman, now an M.P., disgusted us by getting up to make a speech in French, and commencing "Je suis un anglais barbare." Our meetings were held in one of the palaces of the Russian Emperor. The Emperor of Brazil attended the Sections, and in the middle of one he leant across to my Father, and asked him, if he had seen the telegraph from Constantinople, that the Sultan of Turkey had been deposed. I began to feel quite at home with Emperors.

Then we had excursions of the whole Congress. One day we all lunched at the Yacht Club, and then embarked in a steamer on the river Neva,



and passed by the fortress of Cronstadt, and landed at the Emperor's Palace of Peterhof, where we were all to dine. The Emperor himself was away at Livadia on the Black Sea, but the chamberlain, Count Galitzin, did the honours. We were driven about the park, and saw all the small houses, where the different members of the Imperial Family dwelt at certain seasons. We dined in the Palace of Peter the Great. I had got Murray's Guide Book up, and naturally asked to see Peter the Great's night-cap. It could not be found. I appealed to Count Galitzin. I heard some one say, "Le jeune savant Anglais desire voir le bonnet de nuit du Pierre le Grand : ou est il?" After some search a most dirty object was found.

Just before dinner we all assembled in a beautiful hall, and the Imperial attendants, in their swell uniforms brought in trays with sardines, and caviare, and cognac, and everybody took a little, and ate and drank standing; the ladies ate and drank with their white gloves on. This was a kind of pick-me-up, for soon we all filed into dinner. One little French professor amused us.

He was always losing his wife, and hunting for her, crying out "Ou est ma Caroline?" We all laughed, and passed on his message. We had sturgeon and Russian dishes, and it was a very fine sight to see the dinner of some hundreds in the Imperial Dining Hall. After dinner we began to discuss, whether we ought not to propose the health of the Czar, and I seemed to feel it my duty to make an effort, and as being the best up in Latin of the party, thought of something of this kind: "Epulantes, Cæsar, te salutamus," but Count Galitzin informed us, that it was contrary to Imperial etiquette to do anything of the kind in any of the Palaces. We went back to St. Petersburg by train.

Another day we were all taken to dine at another palace of the Emperor, Tsarko Selo. This was built by the Empress Catherine II., and some wonderful rooms belonging to her Majesty were described, but we found them shut up. I again appealed to Count Galitzin, who read the account in my Murray, and after inquiring of the attendants, told us that, they were the apartments of the "Imperatrice actuelle." I urged that, as Murray

mentioned them, I ought to be allowed to see them ; this argument struck him as forcible, and he took a few of us, and tapped at the door, and they actually let us in, because we belonged to the Congress, so kind and courteous was everybody. Count Galitzin remarked, " C'est le premier foi, que j'ai vue ces apartments, grace au jeune savant Anglais avec son Murray." We had another good dinner, and were then driven to a great music hall, and back by train to our hotel.

On examining our trunks to-night, as we were starting next day, we found, that the whole of our gold and foreign silver had been stolen. We generally carried our cash about with us, but, when we dined with the Emperor, we were obliged to put on evening dress, which is short of pockets. The thieves had carefully opened the trunks with false keys, left the English silver money, as of no use at St. Petersburg, and replaced everything, and locked up the trunks, and strapped them. They knew, that we were starting early next morning, and had watched their opportunity : of course the master of the hotel shrugged his shoulders and expressed his regret.

We took sleeping-berths by train to Moscow, for we were fairly worn out with heat and hard work : woke up to see the train cross the river Volga, and get into Moscow in the morning. One of our friends met us at the hotel, and told us, that he had been robbed of everything at the station. While he was getting his railway ticket, somebody's arm came over his shoulder, and took his pocket-book out of his side-pocket : when he felt it go, and turned round, he saw nothing but stolid Russian faces behind him, none of whom he dared to charge with such an impudent robbery. So we had all to go to the bank, and raise money for our immediate wants, as we had been all cleverly cleaned out.

I did all the sights of Moscow : the Big Bell, the Cathedral, Sparrow's Hill, and the view of the city, and here I took leave of the good old Emperor of Brazil, coming upon him suddenly, while having a cup of tea in the room of an English lady. I shall always think well of Emperors after this specimen. When he came to London next year, his Majesty graciously asked my Father, "How is your little son?" One of the ambassadors

was good enough to tell me, that I must lay myself out to be one of the "Savans de l'avenir." All our friends had dispersed, and we had nothing to do but work our way back.

We made an expedition to Troitska, a most sacred place of the Greek Church : as we came in sight, all the Russians in the train rose from their seats, and bowed to the building, and repeated prayer. We walked over the Sacred Chapel, and watched what was going on. A Brahmin would have found himself quite at home, for no idolatry could be worse in a Hindu temple. The pictures were covered with jewels, and everybody kissed them. We were taken in to see the Treasury of the Cathedral: the value of the jewels is enormous, and the sight magnificent; diamonds seem to go for nothing. What a lot of lút we shall have, when we take Moscow ! As we went back, I had a row with a Russian Mujík : they all smoked, and when I tried to let down a window, the man opposite to me, who was half drunk, would not let me. He was very troublesome, and as nothing would stop him, my Father called out to him the only Russian words which he knew, "Gospedi

Pomeloi," "The Lord be with you," which is shouted out in all the churches in the litanies. It had the most extraordinary effect, for everybody burst out laughing, and the man was quite crushed, and gave no more trouble.

We took tickets to Warsaw: only one train each day, and the journey lasted two days and a half: we saw the sun set twice, but it was rather jolly. We could walk along the whole length of the train and pay visits to friends. We had some French friends with us, who called themselves Parisian Hebrews, and lived like Christians, and, when they saw the horrible Polish Jews on the platform, "O! mon Dieu! voila les Juifs," which seemed to us an odd remark in their lips. The train was timed to stop at certain places for meals, and once we had our dinner after midnight. We got to Warsaw all right, and saw all that was to be seen. When people die, they take the bodies and lay them out in the church, and we stepped in, and saw the body of a young girl, who was just dead, lying in a kind of bridal dress. We were cheated at the railway station, for they would only give the value of half Napoleons for half

Sovereigns, and we were hustled into the train without time to complain.

We went to Buda Pesth and saw the Danube. We walked about with Arminius Vambéry, the famous Oriental traveller. As we travelled to Vienna, we nearly got into trouble. We were always making collections of curios, and we saw outside the train a delightful brass badge with the words, "Smoking is forbidden" in Hungarian. We pocketed this, and also a sweet little label, "Frauen Wagen." Unluckily as we passed from Hungary into Austria, the train was made over to a new set of officials, and these things were missed, and there was a grand search, and inquiries were made. We were obliged to pretend, that we knew no language whatsoever, and we produced our tickets, and passports, and luggage ticket, and refused to understand anything beyond: so they left us downright stumped, and we got off. We threw away the small label, but I have got the brass one still among my curios.

At Saltzburg we went into the mines, and a wonderful affair it was. We had to put on miner's dresses, and then sit straddle-legs on a kind of

wooden horse on wheels, women and men all the same. I sat behind a fat woman, and my Father, sat behind me. We were told to bend our heads forward, and we were then propelled along tunnels into the bowels of the earth. We passed through large caverns, dimly lighted up, and it was capital fun, but we clung to each other for fear of falling off. It was nearly dark, and we had each a lantern in our hands, but, as we left the mine, we were violently shot out into the broad daylight, and the midst of a crowd of tourists, and we then became aware, the women particularly, what a ridiculous appearance we presented. We then went in a boat on the beautiful lake, and to my surprise I found, that the boatmen were all women, in short dresses, and they had such thick legs. I suppose it comes from punting and boating. I never saw such legs on the Brocas. We went to see a tunnel, cut last century for the high road. The Emperor's bust was over the arch, and the words, "Te Saxa loquuntur." It was quite absurd, for the commonest railway tunnel is far greater, and any one, who had seen Mt. Cenis and Gothard tunnels, could well laugh at



this little affair, which was thought a great thing then.

We went to Nuremburg. I liked that old town better than anything. It was so old and quaint, with great walls and ditches all ready for a siege. We went to see the manufactory of German toys. In one room we found hundreds of Noah's Arks all ready painted, and ready to be filled. In another there were thousands and thousands of every kind of beast all ready to be distributed in the Arks according to a list. At Munich we saw the galleries, and went into a statue of Bavaria, right up into the head, where there was room for five people to sit. At one place we went to see a balloon go off from a garden. A young American girl got into it alone, and off it went into the skies. We saw her waving a flag of stars and stripes. At length she quite disappeared: we had to go off by the train. I should have liked much to know, what became of her, and how she got to land again, and where. In one of our journeys we travelled with a Greek lady and her daughter. Money was wanted to pay something, and we heard one say to the other, "*ποῦ τα χρήματα,*"

where's your money? We began to rub our Greek up, and my Father said to the lady, "*θυγατέρα σου καλή ἔστιν.*" The young girl twigged the meaning at once, and giggled. Their pronunciation was horrible. Another funny thing happened. My father happened to stay at one of the same hotels the next year, and he looked down the hotel book, and found his name registered as "M—— avec une dame." He remonstrated with the landlady, reminding her of me, whom she recollected, but she said, that, whenever two persons occupied the same room, they always entered one, as a *Dame*.

From Dresden we took tickets straight to London without stopping, but we got into some trouble in a steamer on the river Elbe. As we were passing under the Bastei Rock in Saxon Switzerland, my Father sat down on a large wooden chest to enable him to look up to the elevated gallery in the side of the Mountains. He had not been long there, before he became aware, that a quantity of yellow stuff was oozing out on the deck, and he found, that he had been sitting on a box of eggs. He beat a rapid retreat to the extreme end of the

vessel, and began to admire the scenery, but the owner of the eggs, a woman, found him out, and actually insisted upon his purchasing the whole case containing 1500 eggs. As we were going to stop only one night in Dresden, it was impossible, that we could buy a case of 1500 eggs: so my Father would not take any notice of her. Presently the Captain came up, and raising his cap, began the following conversation: "I think that you were sitting on that box of eggs." "Yes." "I fear that some of the eggs by accident were broken." "Possibly." "I fear that the owner has suffered loss." "Possibly." "Would it not be possible to satisfy her?" "How much?" "Would one mark (a shilling) be deemed too much?" My Father handed over the mark, and the incident ended.

Thence we hurried back to London and to Eton. I hope that some of the fellows who read this will be interested, and perhaps follow my example. I can assure them, that it was jolly good fun, and opened my eyes a good deal, and I brought home some delightful things to ornament my room. Conspicuous among them

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was a gold *εικων*, or picture of the Virgin, such as the Russians stick up in the corners of all their rooms, and some pretty silver lamps to hang from the ceiling. I add a copy of my Holiday Task telling the whole story.

*September, 1876.*

## HOLIDAY TASK.

ITER AD CONGRESSUM ORIENTALEM APUD  
PETROPOLIM, A.D. MDCCCLXXVI.

Annuus in solitum nos suscitât ordo laborem :  
Sacculus, Argentum, Pœnula, Liber, adest :  
Nos novus invitat cursus, nova pascua : lingua  
Nos nova : carpe diem : Terra paterna vale !  
Omine felici nobis iter incipit : Æquor  
Tranquillum : nullis piscibus esca datur.  
Gallia nos recipit, gratissima Gallia, linguâ  
Jucundâ : longè ferrea rheda trahit  
In Belgas : Sol Bruxelli prope mœnia lucem  
Condit, et in mediâ nocte cietur iter.  
Terna alii Regum describant nomina, et ossa.  
Virginea in cistis, Undecimilla, tuis.  
Nobilis Hamburgi nos tandem urbs accipit : Elbam  
Transimus : multo membra calore madent.  
Inde, Lubeck, celeres te visimus : inde recepit  
Nos in contracto ferrea cymba sinu.  
Nox teritur somno : prostrata cadavera mane  
Cernimus : ingratus naribus adstat odor.  
Vidimus è celsâ Danorum littora puppi :  
Prima quies nobis tu, Copenhagen, eras.  
Scandimus hic turres : per totam curritur urbem :  
Miramur statuas, pocula, tela, libros :

Vestimenta Dese non sunt! Væ nuda puella!

Quocunque aspicias, nil nisi nudus homo est!

Nec mora: sub noctem petimus loca clara, per Aurem,<sup>1</sup>

Quà cita Baltiaci defluit unda freti:

Mane novo Hamléti castella antiqua subimus:

Protinus accipiunt Gothica regna pedes.

Inde laborantes in nonam currimus horam:

Quocunque aspicias, sylva, lacusque, loco.

Dulcia Suedorum quò possum dicere versâ?

Cymba per æquoreas itque, reditque, vias.

Pulchri homines, et pulchrior Urbs, pulcherrima Virgo:

Miramur Regum signa, tropæa, domos.

Hinc per Hyperborei vehimur freta nave paratâ

Oceani, stomacho non toleranda meo.

Nox placida, et somnus facilis: cito turbine pontus

Æstuat, et mediâ cymba laborat aquâ.

Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentis:

Traditur indigno piscibus ore cibus.

Exagitatus, edax, passus graviora, carinam

Linquo libens: rupes osculor, Hango, tuas:

Finnica nos dulcis ripæ conducit Imatræ,<sup>2</sup>

Quà sonat æternus nocte, dièque, fragor.

O! quam te memorem! si centum vivitur annos,

Finnica Virgo, tui corde manebit amor!

Frons gracilis, roseæque genæ, niveique capilli,

Cæruleique oculi, fœmineusque decor!

<sup>1</sup> Urbs Helsingor (Anglicè Elsinore) apud fretum Oresund (Anglicè Sound), alias Aurem, sita.

<sup>2</sup> Imâtra, locus in terrâ Finnicâ ob delapsam aquarum celeberrimus.

Russia, terrarum domitor, spoliator Eoi,  
Illustrare fugax te mea Musa timet.  
In centum linguis tibi dant maledicta, Tyranne ;  
Ædibus in sacris mille tropœa nitent.  
Te tuba terribilis, te ferrea machina mortis,  
Ala ferox equitum te, peditumque cohors :  
Te luctus, famesque, et mors violenta, sequuntur :  
Te tenet in templis prava Superstitio.  
Urbs proclara tamen, Petri sub nomine, lautis  
Nos recipit tectis : incipit inde labor.  
Namque Professores, Doctores, atque Sophistæ,  
Indi, Semitici, Seres, et Assyrii,  
Grammaticale pecus, congestio Pragmaticorum,  
Conveniunt, uno gens aliena loco :  
Themata, discursus, argumentatio, libri,  
Signaque in egregios torta retorta modos :  
Diversæ voces, diversaque nomina : cultus  
Diversus : varius sanguis, origo, color.  
Hic Academiæ claustris nutritur : at ille,  
Quà rheda errantem convehit una domum.  
Adsunt Gallorum, Germanorumque, phalanges,  
Et Dani : lepidè lingua Latina sonat :  
Namque " Gubernatis " <sup>1</sup> Florenti ex urbe subivit,  
Flos Italiæ gentis, deliciæque meæ :  
" Oppertusque " <sup>2</sup> ferox, Teutonve an Gallicus anceps,  
Ambobus bellum ferre paratus, adest :

<sup>1</sup> Angelo di Gubernatis in urbe Florentiâ Professor, doctissimus, amabilissimus.

<sup>2</sup> Julius Oppert, Assyrologus acutissimus, vivacissimus, bellicosissimus, apud Hamburgum natus, in Parisiis demorans.

Anglia quos mittit ? juvenumque senumque profusè  
 More vorat patrio, vociferatque, cohors.  
 Tu quoque, " Kerne,"<sup>1</sup> venis Batavorum gloria, cujus  
 Doctrina ingenio certat, et arte labor.  
 Prisca Javanorum tibi debent carmina vitam :  
 India te novit Proxima, et Ulterior.  
 Addit se sociam, Doctisque supervenit, Anna,<sup>2</sup>  
 Pulchra satis, genio fertilis, arte, sale :  
 Fœminea argutâ nectens subtilia voce ;  
 Lucentes oculi vim Rationis habent :  
 Hanc incessanter Juvenesque, Senesque, frequentant :  
 Corda Professorum frigida molliet Amor.  
 Cæsaris angustâ pransi regalite aulâ  
 Congredimur : multo carpitur ore dies.  
 Occupat immensâ Germanus pulpita barbâ ;  
 Rancâ voce suam rem, digitoque, movet :  
 Respondet Gallus : " Si quæ nova dicis, Amice,  
 " Non vera ; et verum est quod, novitate caret."  
 Consurgunt alii : facit indignatio verba ;  
 Tinnitus tenui futilis ære sonat.  
 Surrident Angli et Batavi : regionis Eoæ  
 Imperium est illis grande, loquela parum.  
 Tunc pietate gravis veniam, pacemque, requirit,  
 Felix, cui surgit plausus utrâque manu.

<sup>1</sup> Henricus Kern, apud Lugdunum Batavorum Professor, vir jucundissimus, utriusque Indiæ sermonibus doctissimus.

<sup>2</sup> Puella Anglica, cœruleis calceis induta (vulgo blue-stocking), hujus Congressûs pars mihi non minima.



Prævalet at sermo Russus : comprehendere nemo

Audet : Gregorieff<sup>1</sup> præsidet : aula silet.

Sic intestinis crescit Res Palladis armis,

Europæque recens undique floret honos :

Sic "redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit" :

Surgit et e fuscâ lux Oriente nova :

Secreta exponunt penetralia Seres, et Indi,

Cimmeriusque nigrans, Æthiopumque genus,

Sacrilegis cedunt violata cadavera chartas :

Urbum et antiquæ defodiuntur opes,

Ossa sepulcorum, veterum vestigia Regum :

Vox vocat è tumulo : lux patefacta micat.

Quæ nunquam Graii, nunquam novère Latini,

Cantitat, absorbens poma nucesque, puer.

Quæcunque obscuris recitârint carmina lucis

Gymnosophi, vel quæ luxuriârnt Arabs,

Omnia nota patent : nam quid non vincere possit

Subtile ingenium, et nocte dieque labor ?

Hinc iter ad veteres ducit, Moscovia, sedes :

Volga superfusâ plena redundat aquâ :

Vidi ego, per totum mundi dum curritur orbem,

Multas Regem urbes, multaque templa Dei :

Nulla tamen palmam te tollit : corde fideli

Tu, quasi Jerusalem, tu, quasi Roma, nites !

Salva mane, splendeque, novos visura triumphos,

Russia ! vicini dant tibi damna lucrum :

Nam malus e nostro latro sestertia sacco

Abstrahit : amissas ploro viator opes.

<sup>1</sup> Basilius Gregorieff, Congressûs Præses atque Proconsul.

Quis fecit, quum, quo, quare, cur, quomodo, plane

Nescimus : notum est quod fuit, et quod abest.

Inde dies noctesque duas properamus ad Elbam,

Inque domum reduces ferrea cymba vehit :

Hic miser ovorum cophino male cautus operto

Insideo : pretium fœmina læsa rogat :

Quid faciam ? facinus non est mihi lingua negare,

Et solido lapsûs damna rependo mei.

Musa sile, properaque domum, nam Mater Etona

Appellat natos in sua claustra suos :

Sævior hic regnat Russorum rege tyrannus.

Suavior hic Finnâ virgine "Dama"<sup>1</sup> sedet :

Per campos, vallesque, et montes ivimus altos :

Sustulimus longæ dulcia, acerba, viæ :

Quid juvat ah ! terras alio sub sole calentes

Visere, si Patriæ pectore desit amor ?

Namque bonum externâ si sit, seu nobile, terrâ,

Est melius patrio, nobiliusque, solo,

Ne mihi sit finis terræ, nec meta laborum,

Dummodo vis animæ, corporeusque vigor.

Omne quod Ars tulerit, quod conservaverit Ætas,

Quidquid agant homines, est ibi cura mea.

IDIBUS SEPTEMBRIS, MDCCCLXXVI.

<sup>1</sup> "Dama" animal sexûs ancipitis, quod pueros gremio foveat, necnon suppliciis torquet.

ETON,



1887.

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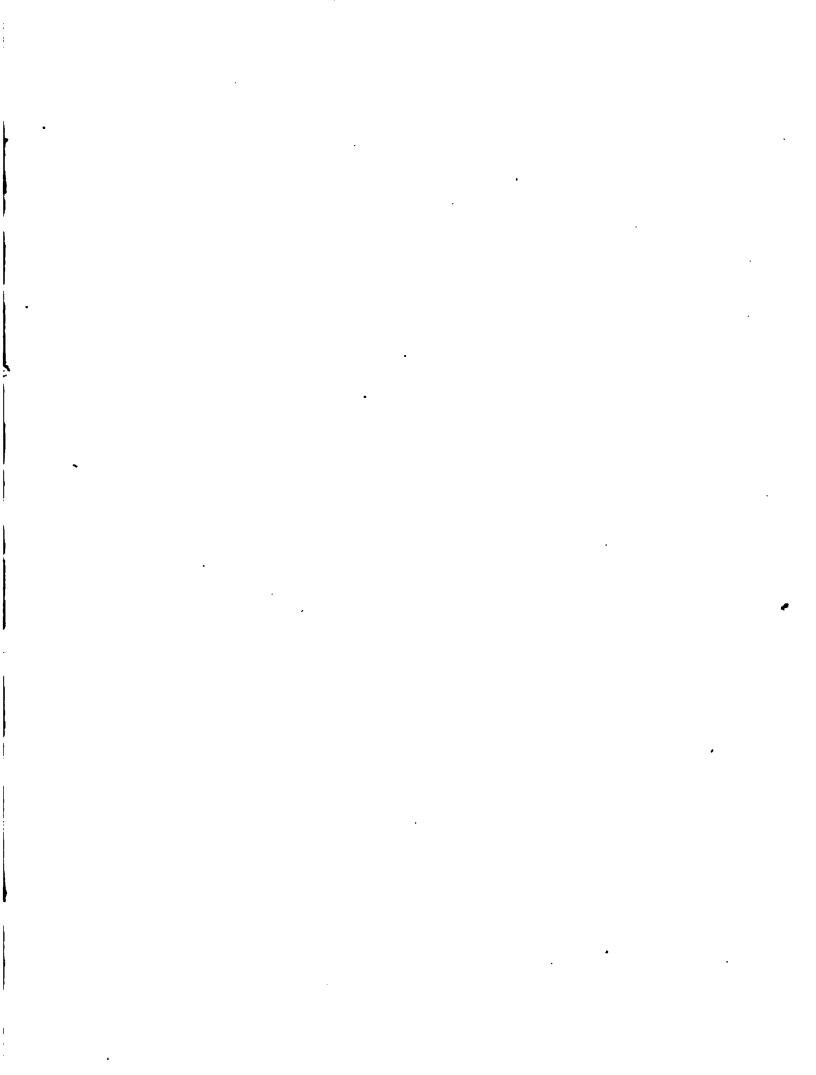
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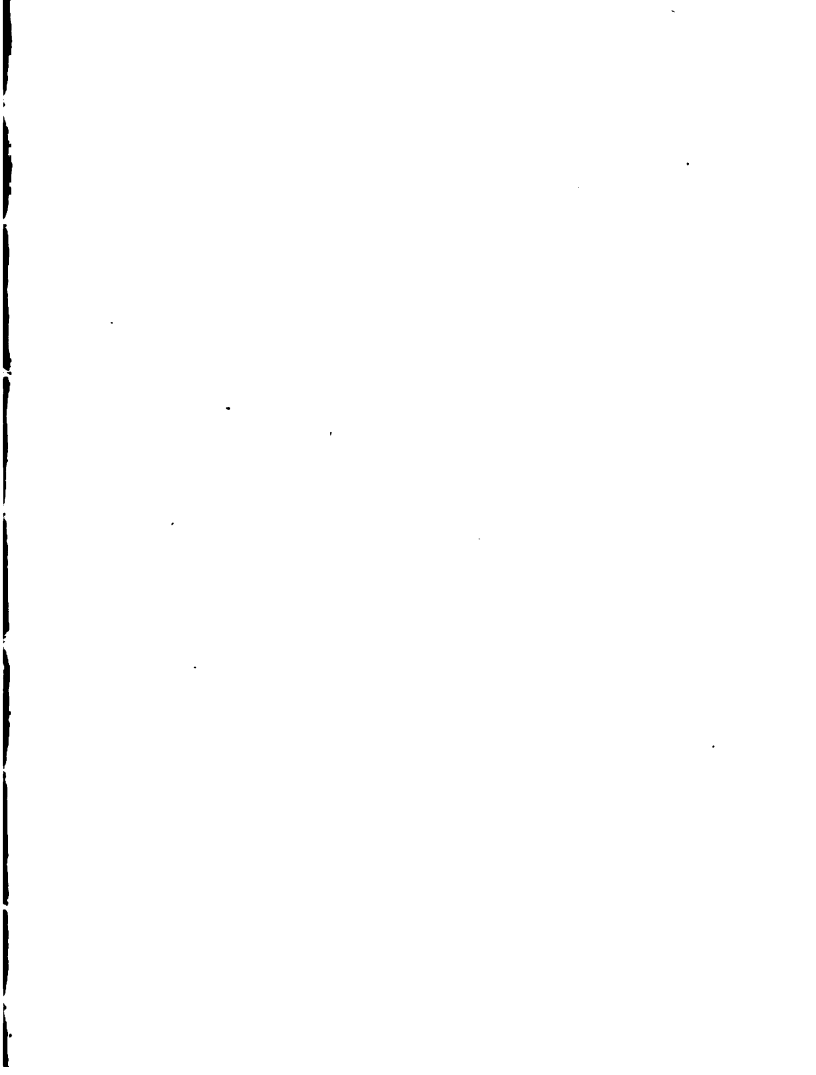
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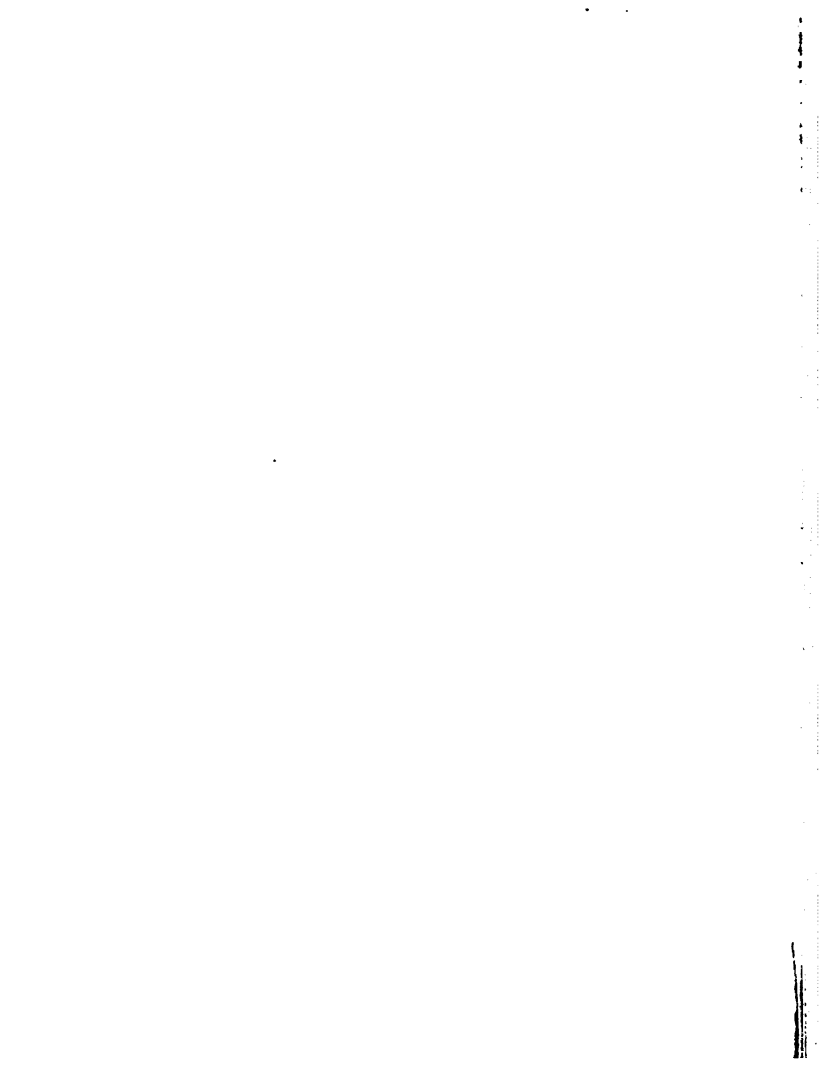
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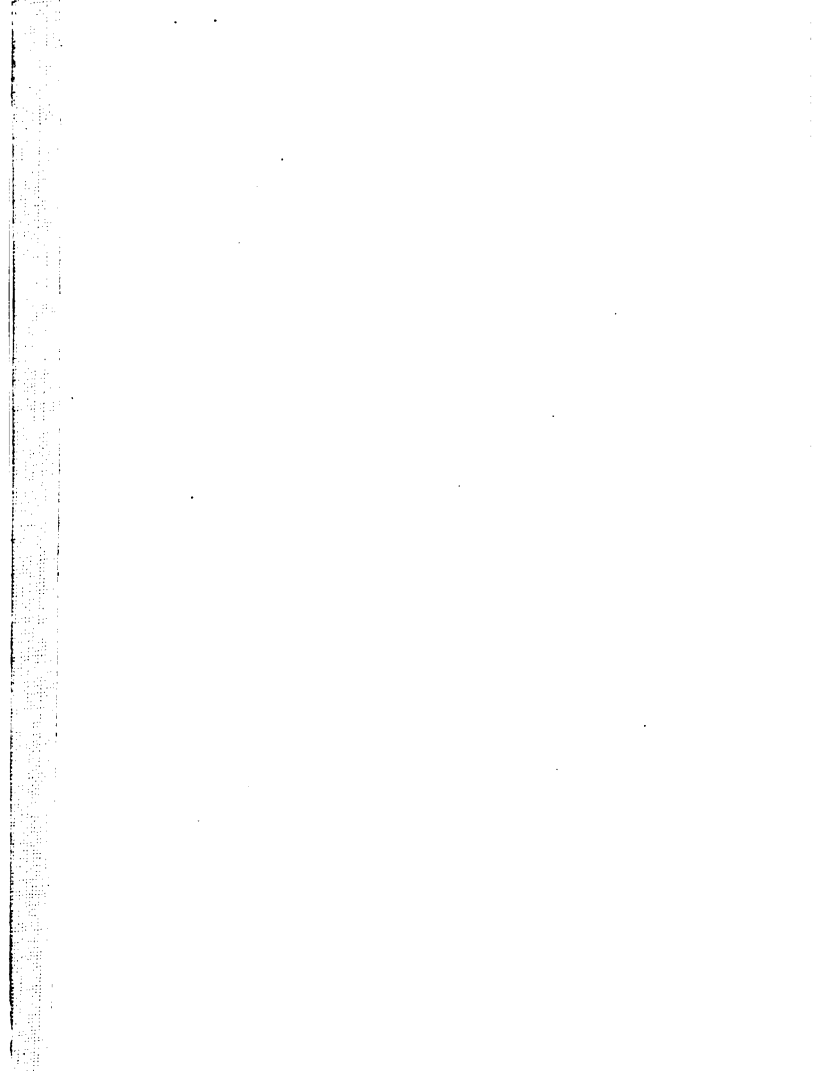


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